Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, so

NOw is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious summer by this So
And all the clouds, that lowr vpo
In the deepe bowels of the Ocean
Now are our browes bound with victoriou
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merry meetin
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleas
Grim-visagd warre, hath smooth'd his wrink
And now instead of mounting barbed Steed
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a ladies chamber,
To the laciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not sharpe of sportiue trickes
Nor made to court an amourous looking-gl
I that am rudely stampt, and want loues ma
To strut before a wanton ambling Nympth;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, vnfinisht sent before my time
Into this breathing world, halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them :
While I in this weake piping time of peace,
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformity :
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken daye
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,